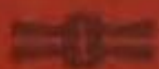


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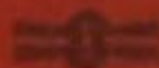
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A MAGAZINE OF CONSTRUCTION



DECEMBER 1903



LIFE

LIGHT

LIBERTY

THE ESSENE

Vol. 2

December, 1903

No. 11

Edited by

W. A. FROSTEN and GEORGE H. ANDERSON

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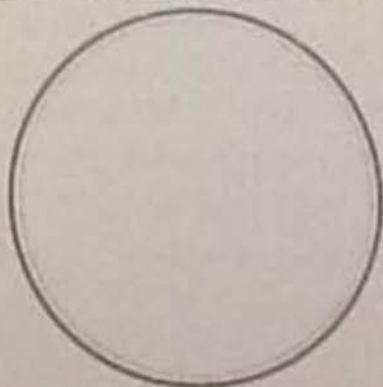
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I have no creed, or if a creed but this: I love humanity

Published Monthly at 1756 Champa St., Denver, Colo., U. S. A.
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VOL. 3. DENVER, COLO., DECEMBER, 1903. No. 6

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

Do you remember, in other days,
How you gathered around the cheerful blaze
On Christmas eve, while the winds sang low
Across the limitless fields of snow?
It was winter without, but what cared you?
In your heart was summer, for well you knew
'Twould be Christmas to-morrow, and can you see,
Within the mirror of memory,
When stockings were hung and prayers were said
And your mother had tucked you safe in bed,
How you sneaked down stairs at the dawn's first light,
To see what Santa had brought that night?
Do you feel a touch of nameless pain,
My brother, whose head is tinged with the rime

THE ESSAYS.

Of age, while you sigh the sad refrain,
 "O God, that I were a child again,
 Just a little Child, at Christmas time—
 At Christmas time?"

My mind goes back through the ages dim
 To the shores of the Past, till it reaches Him,
 The Child who unto the earth was born
 On that far-off primal Christmas morn;
 And I hear, in spirit, the gates unsealing
 And the distant chorus of angels sing
 That song, whose sweet strains echo still,
 The wonderful carol of "Peace, good will."
 I follow the Child through the weary days
 Of his pilgrimage. I see Him raise
 The poor, the suffering and the weak;
 And He is gentle and kind and meek,
 Sowing the seeds of love and good
 And preaching the gospel of brotherhood.
 I follow him up the stony ways,
 Bearing his cross to Calvary;
 I see Him strong in His agony,
 As He gives His life for the human race,
 Till I feel, of all seasons the most sublime
 Is the sacred season of Christmas time—
 At Christmas time.

There's suffering in the sad, old world
To-day, my brothers; there's work to do,
A duty open for each of you—
Until the banner of love's unfurled
Above the nations of all the earth,
And the better era is brought to birth—
To lift the fallen and teach the right;
To help the needy and spread the light;
To preach, not narrow and out-worn creeds,
But higher thinking and nobler deeds;
To help the world on its onward way;
And up the mountain of progress climb,
Till, over the mists of bigotry
And night of selfishness, we may see
On the mountains of Hope the rays sublime
Of the rising sun of a grander day;
Till we hear the bells of the kingdom chime
O'er all the nations, at Christmas time—

At Christmas time.

J. A. E.



The world has entombed Truth through the centuries. We have now come to the Easter age for rolling away the stone.

THE CHILD HEART.

The blessed little children! How this beautiful Christmas-time brings us close to their little, trusting hearts!

If only we might be sure that all the wee ones could be sheltered in the love radiation of the time!

More precious than whole worlds is the child-heart. Its daily life beats in the holy rhythm of God's perfect love. Its every throb is expressed in the pure and perfect light of truth.

As we come once more into the atmosphere of the Christmas-time—of living and loving in the thought of service for others—we recall the beautiful love-child who came to earth so many years ago—who gave His whole life in expressing the life of service—and in whose sweet memory we are giving to the wee ones their heart's desire this happy time.

These sweet wee ones are enfolded in the heart of the Great Spirit—The Spirit Truth. He who is pure in heart as the little child, who comes into the presence of the universal love trusting and with the faith of the child-heart, is indeed one with the Father, and in restful consciousness walks with God.

BEING AND HAVING

Character is a treasure house that is burglar proof. You can draw on it forever without lessening the supply. It is a bank whose checks are always honored, and in which there is no danger of a run closing the doors.

Real riches consist in what you are, not what you have. Anybody can own things, but it takes a real man to *be* things. The soul poverty of a rich villager is all the more conspicuous because of its setting, but a great character makes its attendant circumstances seem trivial. A bag of gold may win your way into people's doors, but a heart of gold wins your way into their souls. The doors may be barred again, but a soul once entered smiles back a welcome to you forever.

In amassing a fortune of love, strength and wisdom, you take nothing from others; but in so enriching yourself you enrich the world. These abide, while outward wealth is at the mercy of fire, flood, theft and death.

We love and revere Homer, the beggar, while we smile at Croesus. We admire Buddha most for throwing away his wealth and position, while the clear, white character of Jesus would have suffered if the

smack of money had tainted it. The jingle of the guinea would have marred the music of Burns, nor could gold have added to the wealth that Lincoln left the world. Who asks how much Shakespeare or Beethoven was worth, or the amount of land possessed by Socrates. The world is not much concerned about the financial ratings of Ralph Waldo Emerson or Thomas Carlyle, nor does it inquire as to the outward circumstances of Swedenborg or Plato. And there are many, even in our own money-grabbing age, who look with more respect on the poverty of Walt Whitman than on the millions of Russell Sage. How cheap and tawdry appears the wealth of Newport compared to the treasures of Concord or of Cambridge. Who remembers the richest banker of the age of Goethe and Schiller? Who would trade the heritage handed down by a certain Galilean fisherman for the splendor buried in the ashes of Rome, or who would barter the lines of the Victorian poets for the whole house of the Rothschilds? Which does the world prize most, the philosopher of Spencer, Darwin and Huxley, or the coffers of Lombard street? And who would know of the wealth of Solomon except for his wisdom?

A man may bury himself in his dross and smother his soul in rubbish. The plant of character grows best in the free air and sunlight of kindly human sympathy.

The bothouse fumes of counting rooms do not constitute its natural element. "Sell that thou hast," for wealth is bondage and great souls can only grow in freedom.

Not in what you have, but in what you are, is found the key that will admit you at the real social door. A man tall of soul does not need a pedestal of money bags to augment his height. Be opulent in yourself, and you will not need to possess things. You can only take that with you which you have made a part of you. Why should you cling to more than you can assimilate? It is but a dead weight that holds you down.

J. A. E.



That Michigan young man who is going to marry a squaw to get even with his sweetheart is doing the latter an inestimable favor. It is the squaw who is getting the worst of it.



All movements for the betterment of the race must be constructive, not destructive.



Love, not hate, is the force that will reform the world.

<i>Common Sense Talks</i>	<i>With Love</i>
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THE HEART'S DESIRE.

The daily life is the test of the state within. The daily action proves what the man thinks in his heart, for he certainly becomes what he thinks, and he must express that which he is.

Back of all action is the desire. We ascend or descend to the level of the heart's desire. We attract according to the desire. The spirit of truth only enters where it is welcome. In society people only go where they are invited. All life is the same. It only responds to invitation. On all planes like attracts like, and we respond to the heart's desire.

Things do not happen. The master, Truth, knoweth what things we have need of, whether we ask with our mouths or not. We are not always objectively conscious of the soul desire. We live so in externals that frequently we think we want something which, if we knew ourselves a little better, we would realize would be disastrous to our very existence.

We must cultivate the spiritual understanding, using the external for outward purposes, while the spiritual shall permeate both the within and the with-

out. We are not to neglect the earthly or the material, but we are to raise the vibration of the entire sense-life, and so spiritualize it that we understand ourselves and gather from out the universe the essential spirit of life, light and loveliness.

Oh, for a little of the divine substance of Faith! If we would only open our hearts to the spirit, and trust to its response, for verily no man ever asked of the spirit who did not receive the things he had need of.

Do you remember the sentence which so strongly promises the abundance of the all-good?

"Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it with good things."

Just be ready and willing, that is all. Then will the riches of the spirit, which are the riches of life on all planes, be yours.

We long for certain things. We work so hard for knowledge. Sometimes we almost envy our friends for something which they have that we fancy we cannot have, and then we do the very things which keep these things away from us. Truth is in all life. Why should we grope and wonder "why," when we are enveloped with the constructive forces of the universe, and when it is ours in such abundance if we will only receive it?

These things have been said so many times that we grow weary of their repetition, but truth is the simplest thing in the world, and sometimes we repeat the most wonderful sentence many times without perceiving the meaning, when suddenly it will reveal itself to us, and we are so filled with the beauty of its reality that we want to repeat indefinitely those words which before seemed so tiresome.



The loftiest ideal of which we are capable is the attainment of a pure and divine spiritual condition. That implies a great, universal love. It is not the seeking of occult knowledge that we may obtain power, not the ambition of an adept for the mind control—but the genuine love-spirit which purifies the soul—the Christ-love which saves others as well as itself.

The training is in the daily life. No can can do any more than the best he knows. But that is the surest way to success—to do the best you can every day and every hour. Anything less than the best attracts negative forces. Then we think we have failed. The best that I know may not equal the best that you know, but if I live and work in the highest of my own conception, that gives me strength to attract on a still higher plane, and I keep increasing in my spiritual

power until I am conscious of the oneness of all life, which is *being one with the Father*.

There is no hurry about it, either. What is the use of rushing as though you had the responsibility of the coming ages upon you? Wouldn't it be a comfortable thing for those around us, as well as ourselves if we would work more in the love-spirit? Our hearts know the truth, but we are very apt to let our knowledge stagnate in the mind, instead of expressing it in the life.

Just let the mental attitude be one of repose, and "open the mouth wide" to the spirit. Then the capacity will increase as the life expression becomes spiritual and strong.

Strength implies repose, which is the highest form of action—poise—serenity. It means that we are lacking in no thing—that every link of our chain of life is rounded out substantially. The strong man has purity of soul, balance of mind, harmonious body—and a comfortably-filled pocket-book.

Sometimes when we are so filled with desire for knowledge and for spiritual understanding, we neglect our bodies. We forget all about the business world. We do not realize that we must strengthen our characters by harmonizing all conditions in the life. When we touch the universal energy, let it be at all points

of being, and not neglect the material conditions for the spiritual, for as life is all one, every link of the chain must be equally strong, or the whole will be weak.



When you hear a man say he hates his work, you may know he is building negatively. His life is not constructive, and the influence his work carries is of no real use to humanity. A cook who hates to cook puts poison into the food. The farmer who hates his work, or who has no appreciation of nature, will have sickly crops, a sickly purse and a negative mental action. So on through all branches of work. Your work must be constructive to be genuine.

It is a great thing to have an object in life if it is nothing more than collecting postage stamps or fairs. It gives one a point of concentration, and as he manifests strength in that work, a higher object will come—the object which means service to all men. No man who is occupied in work for others can be unhappy. All true happiness comes by being consecrated in service for the world.



The immensity of the possibilities of life is almost beyond the power of the human mind to contemplate.

The life here is such a small part of eternity, and yet it is a most important part. The mighty march of creation is never ending, and the soul of man, which is really the tabernacle of God, is inseparable from the never-ending manifestation of the Divine life.

How beautiful that we are becoming conscious of these things; that every day we are realizing more and more the wonderful manifestation of truth revealed to the human soul by that holy duality of Love and Wisdom!



Again we come back to the quotation: "Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it with good things." All things are ours if we are willing to perceive the truth which enfolds us.

A human being is the symbol of creation. He is the manifestation of truth, having within himself every force which the universe contains.

In degree all life is conscious. Every atom of the universal expression is intelligent in some degree. It manifests a strong consciousness through the gratification of desire. Desire is a soul quality; and the mind responds to it.

The human being is the complete, perfect manifestation of life, and it is man's privilege to be conscious of the universal expression of truth.

But why do we talk and write so much about the same thing? If truth is all that there is, and there is absolutely nothing else beside, is there any use in discussing it? If truth is a self-evident reality, as we all believe—if it can only be glorified by its own attributes, if it is absolute—then it has no differential attributes, and how can it have any qualifying explanation? Yet over and over again we love to say and to hear and to think of the beautiful expressions of the living truth. Have we not all of us taken some verse from the classics, perhaps a line from the psalms, which seemed rather vague, and have repeated it many times? It may have remained in the sub-conscious mind for years, when suddenly its meaning comes to us, and we revel in a wonderful new thought when the reality of the words has been there all the time, only waiting for us to open our mouths to be filled with good things.

How many truth-students have suddenly imagined they have discovered a truth—something which has been before them always, but which they suddenly perceive in their growing consciousness? They want to teach, to write, to go on the platform; they have a message for the world. As they gratify the desire, expressing in themselves the unselfish life, they grow in


consciousness until they know they have nothing for the world—they have simply developed themselves.

As they gave the revelations of the spirit to the world, they were always growing in strength and capacity to receive more. Finally the realization comes that their personality is nothing. They are not necessary to anyone, and when they are through with the active work with people, they take another step in realization, greater things come than they have ever dreamed of, and they enter the silence, the silence of an infinite repose.

There are many to take the place of those who have gone on, many who hear the voice of the spirit. Let he who hears that voice obey its mandates, and give those wonderful glimpses to those whose mouths are open to receive. Let him become the instrument of the Spirit Truth, rejoicing that he is chosen for such service.



The keynote of the music of heaven and earth, as interpreted by Jesus, the master musician, is "Love," and the world has been living in a discord through all the centuries because it has never learned that keynote.



TO LIVE AND LOVE.

I dreamed that we two wandered side by side
In paradise: and when the dream was flown,
I knew the gates of God had opened wide
To let thee in, while I was left—alone;
And I would fain have dropped asleep again
To dream that dream forever; but the Day
Called like a voice. The dream dissolved in pain
Since thou, the soul of it, had gone away.
I sought my task once more with double loss,
To bear my cross, sweetheart, to bear my cross.

Once long ago, it matters not how long,
Across the field I saw thee. Through me thrilled
A spirit-recognition; and a song
Was in my heart, that never has been stilled.
God wakens us sometimes with sweet surprise,
And shows to us his face, through Love revealed.
Perhaps 'twas thus that, gazing in thine eyes,
His book of inspiration was unsealed.
His psalms to us by hills and stars were sung.
When earth was young, sweetheart, when earth was
young.

Sometimes I dream that thou art with me yet,
Thy presence like an inward melody,
With all my life-chords to its music set
And all my thoughts grown beautiful with thee.
We tread once more the sweet, secluded ways
Along the streams, on banks of fern and moss.
We string once more the beads of golden days
Upon the thread of Time, and feel no loss.
My love above the bars of death has flown,
To claim its own, sweetheart, to claim its own.

If it should be, as some have fondly deemed,
That souls at last return to earth once more,
Within that golden age the Master dreamed,
When Love shall rule on every warless shore,
We two will seek each other and will meet,
Howe'er divided at the gates of birth;
Our yearning souls will guide our happy feet
Into one path upon the glad New Earth:
Our lot is that, or His New Heaven above,
To live and love, sweetheart, to live and love.

J. A. E.



THIS JOY OF THE SPIRIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SCENE.

By EVELINE T. RUNDEN.

Shall you and I together look for a few moments at what to me is the fairest picture the Master Hand has given us? It will not be a landscape scene with all its beauties, nor the mountain's grandeur, nor the ever-changing sea. It will be the radiant countenance where the eyes glow with holy light and the smile is sunshine itself; a face beaming with the hope, the joy, the love of the inner spirit, receiving thoughts and impulses direct from the Divine Mind until the soul has found its center in the Kingdom of Heaven within.

I wonder if any of us realize in the slightest degree how much it means to those about us whether we are glad or sad? If we only once did know, we would always be cheerful, I am sure; for it is only by living the truths we know that the beauty of the soul comes forth. And truly there are all the reasons in the world for us to be happy. We know that God is our Father. His characteristics are love and wisdom in the perfect degree, and He makes no mistakes.

Many times we are discouraged at what seems fail-

ure to us. We do not constantly live up to the highest and best that we know. We long for more glorious experiences and broader vision. Oh, if we might only realize that now, just as we are, in our souls

*"Broods radiance vast,
To be elicited ray by ray, as chance
Shall favor."*

And it is this opening of our eyes to the beauties and grandeur within, and to the many opportunities every day of showing forth that beauty, that takes us out of the common-place and makes every day holy, all life divine, and joy all the time, everywhere.

Oh, for more of the abiding in the very life of God and more of the realization that now, right within us, is His love, so that the love of our innermost being, which is in essence the same as the God-love, extends to every living creature and every manifestation of Him. We look at the trees and love them. The delicate tints and sweet perfume of the beautiful flowers speak ever more plainly of Him. We look into the sky and know that in the many worlds there His love and His life exist just the same as here; and in the silences of our soul, when the music of the spheres is sweetest and when Truth comes most vividly, we know we are one with Him.

Receive inspiration for all your life—your work, your pleasure, your comings and goings, your thoughts, your desires—direct from God, and there will be no time for sadness. Every hour will be a grand opportunity to manifest the life of the spirit, and there will be a song within you heart and a smile upon your countenance.



THE SENSIBLE FOLKS.

Isn't it nice to be sensible? At least we think it should be very comfortable. We have never yet been accused of such a thing. But we often wonder about those sensible people. How delightful it must be to always do just the right thing—to meet the approval of the world and be sensible. It's a great thing, isn't it, this approval of the wise old planet? The man whose methods would have earned the noose for him last month is idolized to-day. Next month he will be condemned with equal vigor or forgotten entirely, which is more likely.

In a popular magazine to-day we read that it is only the stupid folks who are really sensible, as they have no imagination to bother them, and not many extra ideas. But that is too dreadful. We all

know better than that. The man who made such a statement must be quite demented.

The man who uses his thinker, and walks a trifle in advance of most of the people, will find himself decidedly lonely most of the time. If he has learned the art of keeping still, and only with discrimination expressing himself, he will be less alone—but if he happens to be unselfish enough to want to give what he has, just look out a little. He will be thoroughly criticized because of his lack of sense.

The truth is, that as we develop in strength by our study and thought on spiritual subjects, we are bound to raise the vibration of the senses. We will see and hear and feel in a little higher key. We breathe a little purer atmosphere. The truth of things is the side we perceive. In fact, we are becoming conscious, and that consciousness seems in some way to separate us from the old life, and though we do not intend it, the dear old friends are not quite the same.

And so they look at us rather askance. We act queer. We are a little different. We have left the ranks of the sensible folks, and though we love them just the same, it is not quite the same. We are one with the all-life, and cannot concentrate upon the few. We have no more love for the "flesh pots of Egypt." We evidently do not belong to the sensible folks.

AN EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

THE ESSENCE has a genuine compliment in the November number of *The Nautilus*—also a bit of information which was most interesting.

The gracious editor of that bright little publication made the surprising statement that the reading public would rather read about how Thomas J. Shelton cured his corns than anything the sedate and saintly ESSENCE might say.

Now, who was the compliment really intended for—T. J. Shelton, THE ESSENCE, or the much-abused and patient reading public? Mr. Shelton takes it all to himself, and commences a page of dissertation as to the importance of his particular way of healing sore toes with the rather strong expression of "Good God." The reading public, we hope, pays no attention to editorial discussions, and as for the sedate and saintly ESSENCE, it is very much interested to know the taste of the truth-students or the reading public is so peculiarly directed.

Also, we wonder how it is that our readers seem so satisfied with our lessons when dozens of "New-Thought" publications are replete with information regarding the curing of every ill imaginable, from sore toes to domestic infelicities.

It may be possible that a few people are seeking truth on more planes than the one of healing. The philosophy of ages is also most fascinating to some seekers, and a refined and impersonal method of expression may appeal to some minds. It takes many kinds of people to fill the world. Every human being expresses himself in his own way. So it is all right and good. Fortunately, we are each and all satisfied with our own method of seeking and finding. It is hardly worth while to waste so much printer's ink and brain force in discussing the personal methods. They all meet the desire of their own kind.



SENSE.

The Eternal in all, eternally pleads for men to become sane, sober and sensible.

Sense is more common to-day than it was yesterday, and will be more common to-morrow than it is to-day.

It is a growing feeling and perception that comes from within and strengthens and spiritualizes the intellect—men have labeled it "common sense," when in reality it has in the past been a rare sense.

"In truth "common sense" may be said to be a

glorious sense, and is of the highest value, as it cools and calms the fevered and heated mind and adds serenity, tone and dignity to him who possesses it.

Common sense postulates neither fear-thought nor doubt-thought, and is the fruit of a clear and normal mind.

The eye of wisdom beholds in the possession of common sense the refined mind made so by right learning, discernment and discrimination.—*Magazine of Mysteries.*

He who tries to get something for nothing is living in illusion, delusion and carnal-mind.—*Magazine of Mysteries.*



A ROYCROFTER AMONG US.

Everybody knows Elbert Hubbard, and everybody knows about the Roycroft shops, but everybody does not keep in touch with the work of the Roycrofters. People who are of the Roycrofters are always interesting. They have ideas, and know things. They seem to be part of the world of art, and some way we recognize in the Roycrofters friends of humanity. Miss Zalinger comes to us directly from East Aurora. She is one of the artists from a world of art, and we are glad to have the opportunity of help-

ing her in her work in Denver. Miss Zalinger wants subscribers for *The Philistine*, and is incidentally giving all sorts of inducements to those who wish to subscribe, or those who wish to renew their subscription. We extend our cordial greeting and best wishes to Miss Zalinger and the work she represents.



DOTS AND DASHES.

A man in Colorado sold his head to the doctors. It was ten inches in diameter. He was not the first man, however, who lost his head through that organ becoming swelled.



A Chicago vivisectionist claims to be able to insert a hypodermic syringe into the heart without injury to the organ. This discovery can be turned to immense advantage. Most people need a pint or two of the milk of human kindness injected into their circulatory organs.



A New York minister recently said that J. Pierpont Morgan, with all his wealth, cannot buy an inch

of ground in heaven. It would never do to let Morgan into heaven. He would try to pry up the paving of the golden streets five minutes after his entrance.



A Western boy has a peculiar tingling sensation whenever he is near oil. That is the way that President Harper of the Chicago university is also affected.



If the Christmas bargain counter is the best imitation the season offers of peace on earth, the world had better return to the gentle and restful game of war.



An Arkansas man wears No. 17 boots, extra wide. Perhaps he is the man who stepped on the political prospects of the Hon. Jim K. Jones.



A St. Louis woman fell asleep reading her paper and it was impossible to awaken her for weeks. The

St. Louis papers should advertise themselves as an-aesthetics.



One church in London has a full orchestra and the congregation attends evening services in full dress. Next we may expect a fashionable ball after the sermon.



Mark Twain says that everybody has an insane streak. Yes, all persons can see it—in the other fellow.



A Denver minister declares that the era of the common people is at hand. The common people may have the era all right, but the trusts have everything else.



A Missouri court has decided that the mule is a bad and vicious animal. Perhaps his honor had been trying to cross-examine one.

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A New York paper has made the discovery that men blush more than women. They have more to blush for.



A Chicago young woman recently slept 100 days. She must have attempted reading the novels of Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor.

J. A. E.



BOOK MENTION.

Such a beautiful little love-book came to our desk this morning.

It is written by Hannah Barron Hibbard, and is entitled "Love: The Divine Force Which Rules the Universe."

Miss Hibbard strikes the key-note, the love-note, on every page of her book. She says: "Thou art free, and in thy life to-day is every opportunity. The way is there, if thou wilt only look well within; and aim high for thy desire of success. I will, I can succeed in whate'er I undertake, for the power is within my veins; and every artery of blood is life—and life, lived right, is success. * * * My life is joy. Oh! Joy of

earth! Oh! Joy of Heaven. Another soul has found the love thou hast given."

"Love: The Divine Force Which Rules the Universe," is a beautiful book, and The Reed Publishing Company of Denver has clothed it most worthily.

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